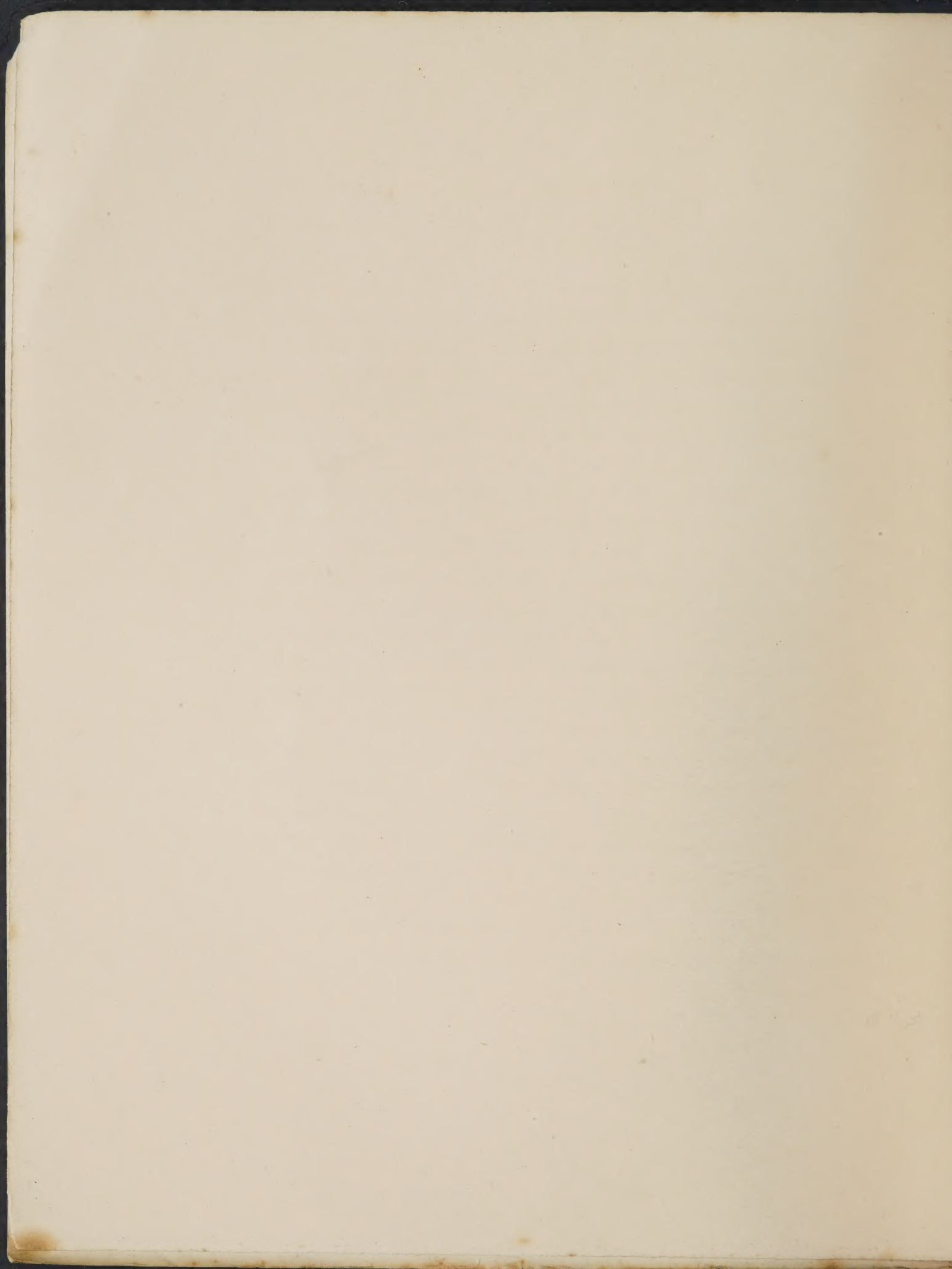


10

Old
English Literature.

21



INTRODUCTION.

THE ensuing drama is, in every respect, a most remarkable curiosity: it exists only in a single copy, and (with the exception, perhaps, of the "King Johan" of Bishop Bale) it is the earliest known specimen of that intermediate species of stage-representation which followed the old "Morality," consisting wholly of abstract impersonations, and the more modern "History" composed of real characters, such as we find them in the productions of Marlowe and Shakespeare. We apprehend (certainly upon no very distinct evidence) that the "Edward the Second" of Marlowe, though not printed until 1598, was written before 1590, and that it preceded the "Richard the Second" of Shakespeare, printed in 1597, but possibly not written until after the death of Marlowe in the summer of 1593. We only use the name of Marlowe as a representative of the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, but to him might be added Peele, Kydd, Lodge, Greene, and others of less notoriety.

This, however, is not a point into which it is now necessary to enter, and the piece before us does not relate to English, but to Greek history: it is, in some sort, a companion to the old "Appius and Virginia" (Dodsley's *O. P.*, xii, p. 340, edit. 1825), dealing with events connected with the revenge of the son of Agamemnon in a similar manner to that in which the incidents of the Roman story were treated. As far as known dates are concerned, the author of "Orestes" had the precedence; for his drama was printed in 1567, while "Appius and Virginia" did

not come from the press until 1575. The initials R. B. are given as those of the author of the latter; while John Pykering boldly places his names on the fore front of "Orestes." From the first page to the last the hero is called *Horestes*; and we may take it for granted that it was one of the many blunders of the early and ignorant typographer. Other errors of a glaring kind have been preserved in our reprint, and will be noticed as the reader proceeds; because our object has been to make an exact reproduction of the original, excepting, in a single instance, where we have added a word to a stage-direction, and where, in a few other places, for the sake of intelligibility merely, we have inserted a letter, always with the obvious distinction of brackets. The misprints begin on the very title-page, where "naturall" stands *naturtll*, "Menelaus" *Menalaus*, and "Hermione" *Helmione*: elsewhere *Meros* is put for "Mors," *gilt* for "gift," *despyare* for "desyare," *spare* for "fyare," &c. The spelling is arbitrary and corrupt even for the time when the production was printed. On p. 7, last line but one, the rhyme corrects the text; and on an earlier page, 2, the word "fight" is made part of the line, although clearly a stage-direction. These stage-directions are all singular, and indeed important, with reference to the manner in which the drama was got up and represented three hundred years ago.

In every dramatic piece of this intermediate description, the "Vice" is preserved from the old "Morality," for the purpose of giving vivacity and attractiveness to the performance; but in "Orestes" only (and the difference is of importance) he is made to sustain the parts of Courage and Revenge, for which he was

furnished with proper apparel and disguises. The impersonation of Fame is used precisely in the same way and for the same purpose as Rumour in the second part of "Henry IV," or Chorus in "Henry V." The songs, with the ancient popular tunes to which they were sung, are also extremely interesting, and they are not only given to the Vice, as in some other early productions, but to Egisthus and Clytemnestra, who join in a duet in alternate stanzas. This last is to the old tune of "Lady, Lady;" also, as we here learn, called "King Solomon," which Elderton had used as early as 1559 in his ballad of "The Pangs of Love," and to which Shakespeare refers in two of his plays, "Twelfth Night," and "Romeo and Juliet." Other tunes appropriated to the Vice are "Over the water to Florida" (which was the same as "Sellinger's Round") and "The Painter," regarding which, we have no information. The most noticeable reference of this kind is near the conclusion of "Orestes," where a ballad is quoted which had been entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1557, "Who is merrier than the poorest sort."

The species of Epilogue, at the conclusion, is very peculiar, because it shews that the drama was publicly represented, if not in the presence, by permission of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London; who, however, soon after 1567, became so hostile to theatrical exhibitions, that they did their utmost to suppress them. They, happily, did not succeed; and between 1570 and 1580 three theatres were built and opened expressly for public performances.

We have evidence that a play with the title of "Orestes" was represented before Queen Elizabeth the year after the drama in

the hands of the reader was printed ; and we consider it more than probable that it was the identical production. On the whole, "Orestes" is, in our opinion, the most valuable performance of the kind in our language, in reference to the progress and improvement of our stage ; and it is not long since it was discovered, among some other rare books (but no plays) in the closet of an old mansion of Wiltshire. We are happy to add that it is now deposited in the library of the British Museum : how long precisely it has been there we know not, but we lighted upon its title on accidentally turning over one of the many and confusing catalogues of that institution. We earnestly recommend that, instead of being kept in miserable half-binding, "Orestes" should be put into a cover somewhat consistent with its real worth, and as in every respect a unique specimen of our early dramatic poetry. When we venture to call it "poetry," the reader must be prepared to measure it, not by the standard of our perfect Shakespearian drama, but merely by that of the day when it was produced.

There is no greater desideratum in our language than a series of early dramas, properly arranged, shewing the gradual advance of our stage, from the earliest simple Scriptural Play, through the complex "Morality", and its periodical improvements by the introduction of real characters, until it culminated in the Historical Drama of the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth. Such a series, if only reasonably encouraged, we would gladly undertake, without the slightest view to pecuniary advantage. It might easily be comprised within three volumes of the size of our reprints.

J. P. C.



A N E W E

Enterlude of Vice, Conteyninge the Historie
of Horestes, with the cruell rebeng-
ment of his ffathers death upon
his one naturtll Mother.

BY

JOHN PIKERYNG.

THE PLAYERS NAMES.

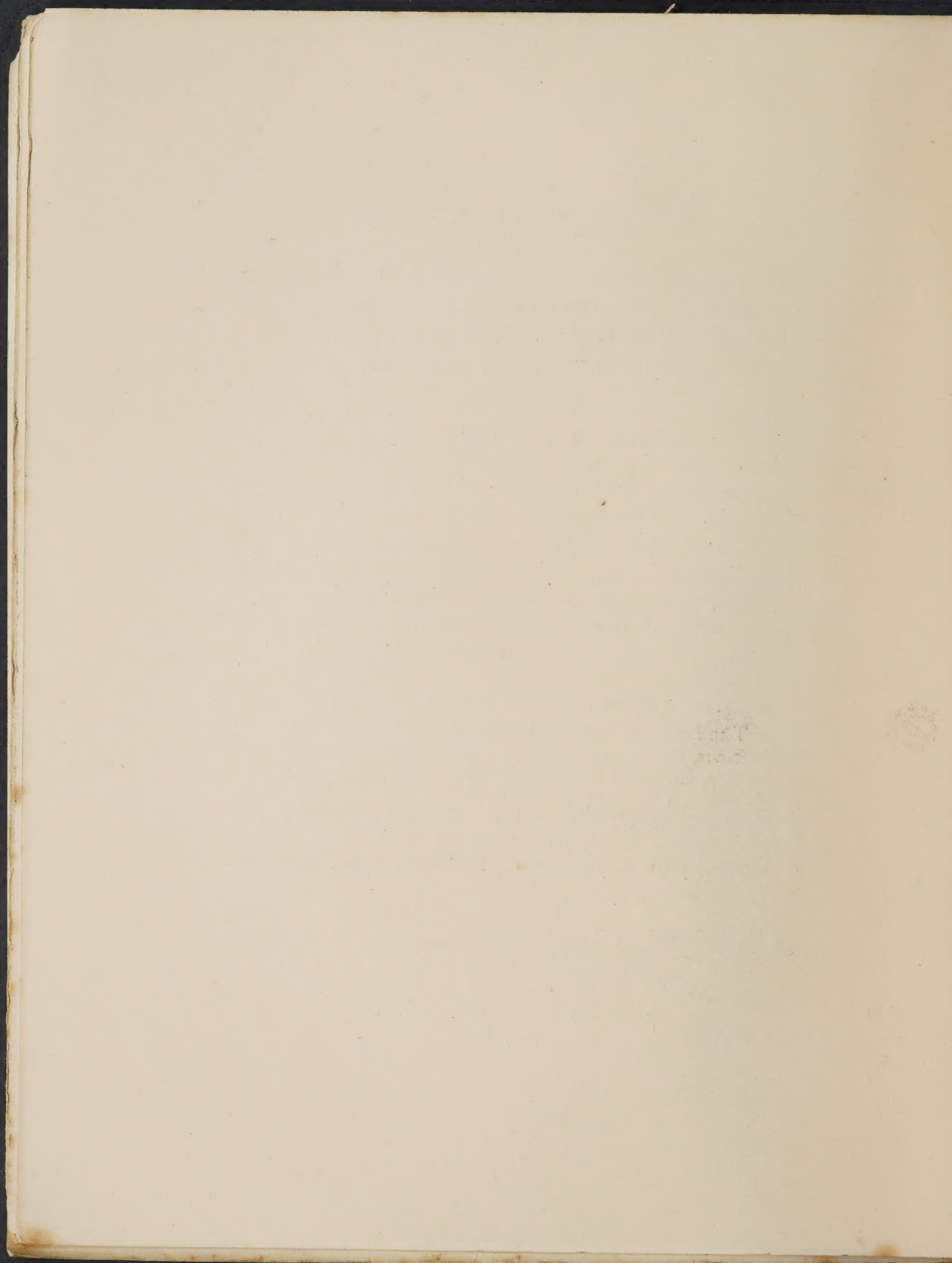
<i>The Vice.</i>	<i>Clytemnestra.</i>	<i>Sodyer.</i>	<i>Truthe.</i>
<i>Rusticus.</i>	<i>Halterfycke.</i>	<i>Nobulle.</i>	<i>Fame.</i>
<i>Hodge.</i>	<i>Hempstryng.</i>	<i>Nature.</i>	<i>Hermione.</i>
<i>Hrorestes.</i>	<i>Nestor.</i>	<i>Provisyon.</i>	<i>Dewtey.</i>
<i>Idumeus.</i>	<i>Menalaus.</i>	<i>Harrauld.</i>	<i>Messenger.</i>
<i>Councell.</i>	<i>A Woman.</i>	<i>Sodyer.</i>	<i>Egestus.</i>
<i>Commones.</i>			

THE NAMES DEVIDED FOR VI TO PLAYE.

- The fyrst the Vice and Nature and Dewtey. 3.
 2. Rusticus, Idumeus, 2 Sodyer, Menalaus, & Nobulles. 5.
 3. Hodge, Counsell, Messenger, Nestor, & Commones. 5.
 4. Horestes, a Woman, & Prologue. 3.
 5. Haulterficke, Sodyer, Egestus, Harrauld, Fame, Truth,
 and Idumeus. 7.
 6. Hempstrynge, Clytemnestra, Provisyon, & Helmione. 4.

Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe
of the Falcon by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be
solde at his shope in S. Dunstons
Churcheyarde. Anno. 1567.

* † *



H O R E S T E S.

An Interlude.

The Vyce. A, fyrra! nay soft; what? Let me see.
God morrowe to you, fyr, how do you fare?
Sante a men. I thincke it wyll be
The next day in the morning, before I com thear.
Well, forward I wyll, for to prepare
Some weapons and armour, the catives to quell:
Ille teache the hurchetes agayne to rebell.
Rebell? ye fyr, how faye you thereto?
What! you had not beste their partes to take:
Houlde the content, foole, and do as I do,
Or elles, me chaunce, your pate for to ake.
Ye, and thats more, for feare thou shalt quake
Before Horestes, when, in good fouth, he
Shall arryve in this lande, revenged to bee.
Well, forward I wyll, thynges to pourvaye,
In good fouth, for the wares, as I shall thincke good.
Farre well, good man dotterell; and marke what I faye,
Or eles it may chaunce you to feke a new houd;
You would eate no more cakbread, I thinke, then, by the roud:
If that, that fame poulle from your shoulderres were bent,
You would thincke you were yll, if so you were shent.

[*Hear entryth* RUSTYCUS and HODGE.

Rust. Chyll never, nabore Hodge, have a glade harte,
Tyll Egiftous, the kynge, hath for his defarte

Received dew punnyshment ; for this well I knowe,
 Horrestes to Crete with Idumeus did go,
 When his father was slayne by his mother most yll :
 And therefore I thincke that com heather he wyll,
 And revenge the injury of his mother most dyare,
 Wastinge our lande with zworde and with vyare.

Hodge. Jesu, nabor ! with vyar and zworde ? zaye ye zo ?
 By gys, nabor, chyll zave one, I tro ;
 For iche have smaull good, by gife, for to lose,
 And therefore iche care not how ever it gose :
 But chyll not be zlayne, chyll love nothings worffe,
 Chyll never be bowrnt for the mony in my pourse.
 Iche have small roud docks ; and fodyers, I kno,
 Wyll robbe the riche chorles, and let the poore knaves go.

Vyce. A fyrrre ! nowe staye, and pause their a whyle,
 Be not to hasty, but take all the daye :
 Be God, I am weary with comming this myle,
 And having no money my horse heyare to paye,
 Who how, I rode on my fete all the waye.
 Jesu ! what ground, since yesterday at none,
 Have I gut thorow with this pare of shoune.

Rust. Nabor Hodge, be goge, hatche none I veare,
 That this lyttell hourchet the devayaunce doth beare.
 Come, let us go, and of him, in good south,
 We woll conquer out the verrey truth.

Vyce. Hurchyt ? goges oundes, gyppe with a wanyon !
 Ar you so loustey, in fayth, good man clound ?
 Oundes, hart and nayles, this is a franion !
 Ille teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounce.
 O that it weare not, in fayth, for my gound !
 It wyll I be knoc um, yet for all that.

[*Fight.*

Hodge. Hould, good master! you mare my new hat.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! mar his hat, quoth he; thear was all
his thought.

Tout, tout! for the blofe he fet not a pyn.

That garment is dyer that with blofe is bought.

Well, fieres, to in treat me fyth you begyn,

I am contentyd, my blade now fhaull in.

But tell me, fyeres, tell me no[w] whearefore of me

The caufe on this fort your taullkyng should be?

Ruft. By gis, and iche chyll, master, for all my great payne,
Of this matter to you to tell the veary playne.

My naybor Hodge and I, in good fouth,

Mot hear in the veldes, I tell you the truth;

Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I zaye,

You came in ftraight, and of us croft the waye.

Which thinge for zartyn when I did espye,

This fancye vloucht in my head by and by;

And to Hodge I zayde that, by gys I dyd veare,

That your mashyp, good master, the devyaunce doth beare:

And be caufe you weare lyttell, and of ftature but fmaull,

Your perfon a houchet, in fayth, I dyd caull.

But, by gis, be contentyd, vor chyll neaver more

Ov fend you a gaine, but cham zorey thearvore.

Vyce. Yf they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt;

But two is to meyney, the proverbe douth tell:

Elles, be his oundes, I would jobard this joynt,

And teache them agaynfte me againe to rebell.

O! that I wear abull the knaves vor to quell,

Then would I tryomphe paffinge all meafure.

Hodge. Zentyll man, zentyll man, at your owne pleafure
In fayth we be; and thearvore we praye,

What thy name is to us vor to zaye ?

Vyce. My name would ye kno ? marrey, you shauull.
Harke, frynde, fourst to the I wyll it declare :
Master Pacience, master Pacience, many on doth me caull.
But com heather, nabor Hodge ; thou must have a share.
By gys, unto the I wyll not spare
The fame for to showe ; whearfore, my frend,
My name is Pacience, if thou it perpend.

Hodge. Past shame ? Godes gee, naybor, past shame ?
By godes be, naybor, thates a tryccom name.

Vyce. Tell a mare a tall, and shyell gerd out a fart.
Se how the as my wordes douth mistake
Would it not anger a faynt at the hart
To se what a scoffe of my name he douth make ?
O, oundes of me ! as still as a stake
He standith, nought caring what of him may be tyde :
Be his woundes, I wod have a arme, or a fyde.
Sought ! let me se ; it is best to be styll,
Good slepinge in a hole skynne, ould foulkes do faye ;
Notwithstandinge, I wis, ill have myne owne wyll.
Naye, I wyll be revenged, by his oundes, and I maye.
Syrre, you good man Rustycus, marke what I faye :
Harke in thine eare, man ; this dyd I see,
A hoge of thyne wearyed to be.

Rust. Godes gee, maister Pacience, I praye you me tell,
What horson chorles doge my hogge so dyd quell ?
Iche zware by gife, and holye zaynt blyve,
Chyll be zwinge him, and ich be a lyve.
By godes de, cham angry, and not well content :
Chould ha wear hear, chould make him repent.
Ich had rather gyven vore stryke of corne,

Then to had my hogge on this wyfe forlorne :
But if I knewe whous dogge chould be,
Revenged well inough, iche warrent the.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! by God, Rusticus, I maye faye in no
game,

I knowe the perfon whose dogge so did flaye
Thy hogge: fye, fye, man! it was vearey shame
For thy naybor Hodge to let it, by this daye.
Well, I wyll go to him, and se if I maye
By any meanes procure him to make amendes :
Ille do the best I can to make you both frendes.

Rust. Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,
Tyll iche have that ould karle wel and thryfteley banded ;
And tware not your mashyppe dyd me with hould,
To swing the ouchet iche chould be boulde.

Vyce. Ha, ha, he! nay, nay, spare not for me ;
Go to it strayght, if thear to ye gre.

Rust. Hodge, I harde say, thou illy hast wrought,
For my hogge unto death with thi dog thou hast brought.
Iche byd the thy vaute to me to amend,
Or chyll zwaddell the, iche zweare, in my bat end.

Hodge. Zwaddell me? godes get! chyll care not a poynte ;
Iche have a good bat thy bones to a noynte :
Thou old carle, I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,
And therefore I wyll have a mendes now of the.
My rye and my otes, my beanes and my pease,
They have eaten up quight, but small for my ease ;
And therefore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe vaste,
Or iche wyll them wearey as longe as they lasse.
By godes get ! I can never come in my ground,
But that zame zwyne in my pease iche have founde.

Vyce. Tout, tout ! Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd.
 To him, man, to him, and swaddell him well :
 Ye, neaver leave him as longe as thou can fynd
 Him whot, but teache him a gaine to rebell :
 What nededest thou care, though his wordes be so fell.
 Tout, tout ! tharte unwyse ; and followe my mynde,
 And I warraunt the in end some ease thou shalt finde.

Rust. Godes gee, hourson Hoge, paye me for my zwine,
 Or eles lerne to kepe that cockescome of thyne.
*[Up with thy staf and be readye to smyte, but Hodg smit
 first, and let the Vise thwacke them both and run out.]*

Hodge. Godes de, do thy worst, I care not a poynte :
 Chyll paye the none, chyll jobard a joynte.

Vyce. Nay, stand I styll ? some what, I wyll lend :
 Take this for a reward ; now a waye I must wend.

Rust. O Godes get ! cham zwinged zo zore,
 Iche thincke, chaull neaver lyve one houre more.

Hodge. O godes ! ge I thincke my bownes will in zonder ;
 Yf ich get home, by gis, ittes a wounder :
 Farwell, Rusticus, for by gis ich chaull,
 When I mete the againe, bezwinge the vor all.

Rus. Naye, letes be frendes, and chyll, in good part,
 Of browne ale at my house give the a whole whart :
 What, Hodge, shake handes, mon ; be merey and lauffe,
 By godes ge, iche had not the best end of the staffe.

Hodge. Cham content, naybor Rusticus, shaull be ene so.
 Come, to they house I praye the, let us go. *[Go out.]*

[HORESTES entrith.]

Horestes. To caull to minde the crabyd rage of mothers
 yll attempt
 Provokes me now all pyttie quight from me to be exempt.

Yet lo! dame nature teles me, that I must with willing mind
Forgeve the faute, and to pytie some what be inclynd.
But lo! be hould that ulltres dame, on hourdome morder vill
Hath heaped up, not contented, her spoufaule bed to fyll
With forrayne love, but fought also my fatal thred to share,
As erft before my fathers fyll, in fonder she dyd pare.
O paterne love! why douste thou so, of pytey me request,
Syth thou to me wast quight denyed, my mother being prest:
When tender yeres this corps of mine did hould, alas for wo,
When frend my mother shuld have bin, then was she chefe
my fo.

Oh godes! therfore sith you be just, unto whose poure & wyll,
All thing in heaven, and earth also, obaye and farve untyll,
Declare to me your gracious mind: shall I revenged be,
Of good Kynge Agamemnones death, ye godes, declare
to me?

Or shall I let the adultres dame styll wallow in her fin?
Oh godes of war! gide me aright, when I shall war begyn.
Vyce. Warre, quoth he, I, war in dede? and trye it by the
fworde.

God save you, fyr; the godes to ye have sent this kind of
word:
That in the hast you armour take your fathers fose to flaye,
And I as gyde with you shall go, to gyde you on the way.
By me thy mind ther wrathful dome, shalbe performd in
dede.

Therefore, Horestes, marke me well, & forward do procede,
For to reveng thy fathers death; for this they all have ment
Which thing for to demonstrat, lo! to the they have sent me.

Hor. Ar you, good fyr, the messenger of godes as you do
faye?

Wil they, in revenging this wrong I make not long delay

Vyce. What nede you dout? I was in heaven when al
the gods did gre

That you of Agamemnons death, for south, revengid should
be.

Tout tout! put of that childish love: couldst thou with a
good wil

Contentyd be, that one should so thy father seme to kyll?

Why wayght thou man? leave of I say; plucke corrage
unto the:

This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou embrasydest me.

Hor. What is thy name, may I inquear? O sacred wight!
I pray

Declare to me, & with this feare do not my hart dismaye.

Vyce. Amonge the godes celestiall I Courrage called am.
You to assyste, in veary truth, from out the heavens I cam,
And not without god Mars his leave I durst hear show my
face,

Which thou shalt fele, if that thir gift thou dost forthwith
imbrace.

Hor. And sith it is thear gracious will, welcom thou art
to me,

O holy wight! for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley.

My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all sorrow grieve & payne:

My thinkes I fele corrage provokes my wil for ward againe,

For to revenge my fathers death and infamey so great.

Oh! how my hart doth boyle in dede with firey perching
heate.

Corrage, now welcom by the godes: I find thou art in dede

A messenger of heavenly goftes. Come, let us now procede,

And take in hand to bringe to pas revengyd for to be

Of those which have my father slaine: but soft! now let
me se.

Idumeus, that worthy kinge, doth com into this place;
What say you, Corrage, shal I now declare to him my case?

Vyce. Faull to it, then, and slacke no time, for tyme once
past away

Doth cause repentence but to late to com old foulks do say.
When stede is stolen, to late it is to shyte the stable dore.
Take time, I say, while time doth give a leasure good
therefore.

Idum. What ever he be that sceptar beares, or rules in
state full hie,

I[s] fonest down through fortunes eyar, and brought to
myferey;

As of late yeares the worthy kinge, Agamemnon by name,
Whos prais throughout the world is bloun by golden
trump of fame:

His wel won fame in marshall stoure doth reache unto
the sky,

Yet, lo! through fortunes blind attempt, he lo in earth
doth lie:

He that had past the fate of war, where chance was
equall fet,

Through fortunes spight is caught, alacke, with in olde
Meros net;

And he which somtime did delight in clothed coat of maylle,
Is now constraynd in Carones bote over the brouke to faylle,
That flose upon the fatall bankes of Pluto's kingdome great,
And that in shade of silent wodes and valeys greene do beate;
Where soules of kinges and other wights a poynted are to be
In quiet state, there also is this worthey reall tree.

Of fouth, I joye for to behold Horestes actyve cheare,
The which in father somtime was, in son doth now apear.
But where is he that all this day I neaver sawe his face ?

Hor. At hand, O king, thy farvant is, which wifsheth
to thy grace [Knell downe.

All hayl, with happye fate certayne, with pleasures many
fould !

But yet, my liege, a fute I have, if I might be so bold
To crave the fame, my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer
Unto the thing which very much, O king, I do requier.

Idum. What thing is that ? if we suppose it lafull for
to be,

On prynces faith, without delaye, it shall be given the.

Vyce. Tout ! let him alone now, we fay in good fouth ;
I was not so lustey my pourpose to get.

But now, of my honestey, I tell you of truth,
In revenging the wronge his mynd he hath fet.

It is not Idumeus that hath power to let
Horestes fro sekinge his mother to kyll.

Tout ! let hym alone, hele have his own wyll.

Hor. Sith that your grace hath willed me this my desiar
to show,

Oh, gracious king, this thing it is I let your grace to know ;
That long I have request to vew my fathers kingley place,
And eke for to revenge the wrong done to my fathers grace
Is myne intent: wherefore, o king, graunt that without
delaye,

My earytage and honor eke atchyve agayne I maye.

Idum. Stey their a whyle, Horestes mine, tyll Councell
do decree

The thing that shall unto your state most honorabell bee.

My councler, how do you thinke? let us your counsell have:
How think you by this thing the which Horestes now doth
crave?

Counc. As I do thinke, my soferayne lord, it should be
nothing ill

A prynce for to revenged be on those which so dyd kyll
His fathers grace; but rather shall it be a feare to those
That to the lyke at anye time their cruell mindes dispose:
And also, as I thinke, it shall an honer be to ye
To adjuvate, and helpe him with some men revenged to be.
This do I thinke most fyttest for your state, and his also:
Do as you lyst, sieth that your grace my mind herin
doth know.

Idum. Sith Councell thinkes it fyt, in ded, revenged for
to be,

That you, Horestes, in good fouth, for to revenge I gree:
And also to mayntaine your war, I graunt you with good
will

A thousand men, of stomake bolde, your enimise to kyll.
Take them forth with, and forward go, let slyp no time
ne tyd,

For chaunce to leasure to be bound, I tell you, can not byd.
Go therfore straight, provide your men, and like a manly
knight,

In place of stouer put forth thy selfe, assay with all thy
might

To win the fame, for glorey none in chambering doth rest.
Marke what I saye: to get thy men I take it for the best.

Vyce. Come on, Horestes, sith thou hast obtayned thy
desier.

Tout, tout, man! feke to dystroye as doth the flaming fier,

Whose properte, thou knoeft, doth gro as long as any thing
Is left wher by the fame may seme fom fuckor for to bring.

Hor. I thanke your grace: I shal sequest your gratius
mind herin. [Go out.

Vyce. Se, se, I praye you, how he joyfe that he must war
begin. [Go out.

Idum. My Councell, now declare to me, how think you
by this wight,

Doth not he seme, in fouth, to be in tyme a manley knight ?
By all the godes, I thinke in fouth, a man may easeley kno
Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes follow.

Counc. Undoubtedly, my soferaynd lorde, he semeth
unto me

Not to sequest his fathers steppes in feates of chevallrey ;
But rather for to imitate the floure of Greation land,
I meane Achilles, that fame knight by whose one only hand
The Greacians have obtaind, at laingth, the conquest of
old Troy,

For which thei did holl x. yeres space their labor great
imploy.

Idum. Syth he is gon for to purvaye such thinges as
shall, in dede,

Suffise to farve his tourn in wares wherof he shal have nede,
Let us depart, and when he shall retourne heather a gayne,
To see the muster of his men we wyll fure take the
payne. [Go out.

*[Entrithe and syngeth this song to the tune of have
over the water to floride or selengers round.*

THE SONGE.

Halterfycke. Farre well, adew that courtlyke lyfe,
To warre we tend to gowe ;

It is good sport to se the stryfe
Of sodyers on a rowe.

How merely they forward march

These enemys to slaye :

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Their banners they displaye.

Now shaull we have the golden cheates,

When others want the fame :

And sodyares have foull maney feates

Their enemyes to tame.

With couckinge heare, and bomynge their,

They breake thear fose araye ;

And loustey lades amid the felde

Thear ensines do displaye.

The droum and flute playe loufteley,

The troumpet blofe a mayne ;

And ventrous knightes corragiousley

Do march before thear trayne.

With speare in reſte ſo lyvely dreſt

In armour bryghte and gaye,

With hey trym and tryxey to,

Thear banners they displaye.

[HEMPSTRINGE *commeth in and ſpeaketh.*

Hempstring. Goges oundes ! Haulterſycke, what makes
thou heare ?

Hault. What ! Jacke Hempſtringe, welcom ; draw near.

Hemp. By his oundes, I have foughte the, ſome newſe
the to tell.

Hault. Godes bloud ! what newſe ? iſt the devell in hell ?

Hemp. In faythe, thou art mearey ; but this is the matter :
Douſt thou hear, Halterſicke ? each man doth clatter

Of warres, ye, of warres ; for Horestes will go
His erytage to wyn, boye : the truth is so.

Hault. Nay, but Jacke Hempstringe, leafe of this prate ;
Yf thou caull me boye, then beware thy pate.

Hemp. What ! hould thy peace : as far as I fe,
We be boyse both ; thearfore let us gree.

Hault. Boye ! naye, be god, though I be but smaull,
Yet, Jacke Hempstringe, a hart is worth all :
And have not I an hart that to warres dare go ?
Yes, Hempstringe, I warrant the ; and that thou shouldest
know,

If Dycke Halterfyckes mynde thou move unto eyar :
Colles neaver bourne tyll they be fet one fyare.

Hemp. Ye, but if they bourne so that they flame,
Yet water, Dycke Halterfycke, the bourning cane tame.
But, harke thee, my master will venter a joynt,
And me to wayte on him he all readye doth poynt.
But, hearfte thou, thou knowest my master loves well,
Now and then, to be snappinge at some dayntyie mossell.
But by goges bloud, Hallterfycke, if thou love me,
Take some prytey wenche our laundrar to be ;
And be goges bloud, I am contentyd to beare
Halfe of her chargis, when that she comes thear.

Hault. As fyt for the warre, Jacke Hempstringe, thou art,
In fayth, as a be is to drawe in a carte :
He is lyke to be manned, that hath such a knight
Under his banner, I sweare, for to fight.
When Horestes in fight moste busiest shalbe,
Then with thy gynney we must seke the.

Hemp. Goges oundes, hart, and nayles ! you are a franion :
Come of with a myschiefe, my gentell companion.

By your lieve, fire Haulterficke, I thinke that a be
As good a fodyer as ever was ye.

Hault. He hath learned his leffon ; but, of fouth, I feare
He hath quight forgotten the waye for to fweare.
Oundes, hart, and nayles ! marcy, hes no lad,
And he be not hanged, he wyll be ftarke mad.

Hemp. Hange me no hanginge ; yf ye be fo quicke,
Roube not to hard, left Hempftringe do kycke.

Hault. Had better be ftyll, and a sleepe in his bead :
Yf a kycke me, me chaunce to breake his head.

[Flort him.]

Hemp. Goges bloud ! good man Halterfycke, begyne you
to flout me ?

Hault. No, not at all ; he douth but lout ye.
What, Hempftringe, I faye, are you angred at jefte ?
In fayth, goodman lobcocke, your handfomley drefte.

[Flort hym on the lipes.]

Hemp. Goges bloud ! fo to flout me, thou art much to
blame.

Hault. Why, all that I do, man, is but in game.

Hemp. Take thou that for thy jefte, and flout me no more.

[Give him a box on the eare.]

Hault. For that fame on blowe thou fhault have a fcore.
Drawe thy fword, vylyne, yf thou be a man,
And then do the worft that ever thou can.

Hemp. Naye, fet fword a fyde, and at boffetes well trey
Wheather of us both fhall have the mafterey.

Hault. Goges oundes ! thou art bygger, yet I care not a
poynt,
Yf to be revenged I jobard a joynt.

[Fyght at bofites with fyftes.]

Hemp. I have coylyd the well, but I holde the a grote
Yf thou meddell with me, I wyll fwinge thye cote.

Hault. In dede, I must faye, I have cought the worst ;
But I wyll be revengyd, or eles I shall bourfte.
Yf tyme did not call me from hence to depart,
I should anger the, Hempstring, even at the hart.
Therefore farwell, tyll an other daye.
But, hearste thou, take this, to spend by the waye.

[Give him a box on the eare, and go out.]

Hemp. Goges oundes ! is he gon ? naye, after I wyll,
And of the flave, by his oundes, I wyll have my fyll.

[Go out.]

*[Let the drum playe, and HORESTES enter with
his men, & lette him knele downe and speake.]*

Hor. O godes ! be prosperous, I praye, and eke preserve
my band ;
Show now that ye be gods in ded, stretch out your mighty
hand,
And give us hartes and willes also, where by we may
prevayll ;
And suffer not, you godes, I praye, our courragis to fayll :
But let our hartes addytyd be, for aye as we pretend,
And of that vile adultres dame, oh gods ! now make an end.
My hands do thryft her blod to have : nought can my mind
content,

Tyll that on her I have perfourmed, oh gods ! your just
judgment.

[Stand up.]

Nature. Nay, stey, my child ; from mothers bloud with-
draw thy bloody hand.

Hor. No, nought at all, oh Nature ! can my purpose now
withstand.

Shall I for geve my fathers death? my hart can not agre,
My father slayne in such a forte, and unrevengyd be.

Nat. Confider first, Horestes myne, what payne for the
she toke.

Hor. And of my fathers death, againe, O Nature! do thou
louke.

Nat. I do confesse a wycked facte it was, this is most
playne;

Not withstanding, from mothers bloud thou must thy hands
refrain.

Canst thou, alacke, unhappey wight! consent revenged to be
On her whose pappes before this time hath geven foud to the?
In whom I, Nature, formyd the, as best I thought it good?
Oh! now requight her for her pain; withdraw thy hand from
bloud.

Hor. Who offendith the love of God, and eke mans love,
with willing hart,

Must by that love have punishment, as duty due for his
defart.

For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods and man
doth wil,

Is not a crime, though that I do, as thou dost saie, my
mother kil.

Nat. The cruel beafts that raung in feldes, whose jause
to blod are whet,

Do not consent their mothers paunch in cruell wife to eate.
The tyger fierce doth not defiare the ruine of his kinde;
And shall dame Nature now in the such tyraney once finde,
As not the cruell bestes voutsafe to us in any case?

Leve now, I say, Horestes myne, and to my wordes give
place,

Left that of men this fa  te of thine may judged for to be
Ne lawe in fouth, ne iustys eke, but cruell tyraney.

Hor. Pythagoras doth thinke it, lo, no tyraney to be,
When that iustyse is mynestryd as lawe and godes decree.
If that the law doth her condemne as worthy death to have,
Oh Nature! wouldst thou wil that I her life should seme
to save?

To save her lyfe whom law doth flay is not iustise to do,
Therefore I saye, I wyll not yeld they hestes to com unto.

Nat. Yf nature cannot brydell the, remember the decaye
Of those which heretofore, in fouth, their parents fought
to flay.

  dippus fate caull thou to minde, that slew his father so;
And eke remember now what fame of him a brode doth go.

Hor. What fame doth blowe I forse not I, ne yet what
fame I have;

For this is true, that bloud for blood my fathers deth doth
crave,

And lawe of godes and lawe of man doth eke request the
the fame:

Therefore, oh Nature! sease to praye, I forse not of my name.

Nat. For to lament this heavey fate I cannot other do.
Alacke, alacke! that once my chyld should now consent
unto

His mothers death: wherefore farewell, I can no longer
ftey. [Go out.

Hor. Farwel, dame Nature. To my men I straight wil
take my way. [Go out.

IDUMEUS.

[Enter.

Idum. To se this mouster let us go, for I suppose it tyme.
Where is Horestes? why stease he? the truth to me define.

Counc. Oh, soferayne lord ! me thinkes I here him for to
be at hand.

Yft please your grace, he is in fight even now withal his band.

*[Let the drum play, and enter HORESTES with his
band : marche about the stage.*

Idum. Come on, Horestes, we have stayd your moster
for to fe.

Hor. And now at hand my men and I all redy armed be.
Lo, mighty king, thes champions here agre with me to wende :
Oh, gracious king ! that they shall so wylt please you
condiffend.

Idum. I do agree ; and now a whyle give eare your
king unto.

It doth behoufe corragious knightes on this wyfe for to do :
That is, to ftryve for to obtayne the victorey, and prayfe
That lafts for aye, when death shall end the find of thes
our dais.

Wherefore be bold and feare no fate, the gods for you
shall fight,

For they be iust, and will not fe that you, in case of right,
Shall be deftreft : wherefore attend, and do your bussey
payne,

The crabyd rage of enymyse by forse for to refftrayne.
And as to me, your trusteynes hath here to fore be knowne,
So now in this Horestes here let eke the fame be showne.
Be to his heastes obaydient ; be stoute to take in hand
Such enterpryse which he shall thinke most for his state
to stand :

Which if you do the fame is youres ; the glorey and renoune
That shal arise of thes your facts throughout the world
shal found :

The which you may, I pray the godes your gydes here
in to be.

And now farewell, but not[e] that well that I have fayde to ye.

Sodyeaes. The godes preserve your grace for aye, and
you defend from wo.

That we have don as you comaund ful wel your grace
shal kno.

Idum. Now, harke, Horestes: since thou must of men the
gyder be,

And that the wyll of godes it is thou must now part from me,
Take yet my laft commaundement, and beare it in thy
minde.

Let now thy men courragiousnes in the their captayne
finde ;

And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let their be
For safe gard of thy men a brayne, well fraught with
pollicye.

For over rashe in doinge ought doth often damage bringe,
Therefore, take counsell first before thou dost anye thinge.
For counsell, as Plaato doth tell, is fure a heavenly thinge;
And Socrates a certaynte doth say, counsell doth brynge
Of thinges in dout ; for Lyvy fayer, no man shall him repent,
That hath before he worked ought his tyme in counsell
spent.

And be thou lybraull to thy men, and gentell be also,
For that way at thy wil thou mayst have them through fire
to go ;

And he that shall at any tyme deserve ought well of thee,
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.

Thus have you hard, Horestes mine ; remember well the
fame :

In doing thus you shall pourchas to the immortauall fame :
The which I hope you wyll assaye for to atchife in dede.
The gods the blis, when in the war thou forward shalt proceede.

Hor. I thanke your grace ; and now of you my leave I
here do take.

Idum. Farwell, my sonne Horestes ; I thy partinge yll
shall take. *[Imbrace him.*

Yet eare thou go, let me imbrace the once, I the do praye:
Alacke, alacke, that now from me thou must nedes part
away !

Yet whyell thou art in preasent place receave of me this
kys : *[Kys him.*

Farwell, good knight, for now I shal thy fwete imbrafings
mys.

Hor. The sacred godes preserue and save thy state, oh
king, I pray,
And fend the helth, and after death to rayne with him for aye!
Come on, my men ; let us depart.

Sodyers. As please your grace, with all our hart.
[March about and go out.

Idum. Ah, ah ! how grevous is his parting now, my
Councill, unto me !

The godes him bles and fend him helth, I pray them harte.
Wo worth the time, the day and our, now may Horestes
wayle :

And Clytemnestra may lament that so she dyd assayle
His father deare ; for now on bloud Horestes mind is set,
And to revenge his fathers death, sure, nought their is can let.
In voyding of a mischefe smal, they have wrought their
decay ;

For now nought elles in Horestes but fore reveng bears
fway.

Councell. For t[w]o caufes, my soferayne lord, revengment
ought to be :

The on, leaft others be in fecte with that that they fhall fe
Their princes do : the other is, that thofe that now be yll,
May be revoked and may be taught for to fubdew their wyll.
Plato, a wife phylofopher, dyd thinke it for to be
A pryncely fafte, when as a king fhall punifhe feriousley
Such perfons as dyd trayne their lyfe to follow that was
naught,

The which their prince at ani time fhall by mifchaunce have
wrought :

Protegeus an evell kinge a carryne likenes to,
Which all the place about the fame to ftinke caufeth to do.
Therefore, O king! if that her faute fhould unrevenged be,
A thoufand evylles would infu their of your grace fhould fe.
Her faute is great, and punnyfhment it is worthy for to have;
For by that meane the good, in fouth, from daungers may
be faufe.

For, lo, the unyverfaull fcoll of all the world, we knowe,
Is once the pallace of a kinge, where vyces chefe do flow.
And as to waters from on head and fountayne oft do fpring,
So vyce and vertue oft do flo from pallace of a kinge.
Whereby the people feeing that the kinge adycte to be,
To profecute the lyke they all do labor, as we fe.
Therefore the gods have wyllid thus, Horestes for to take
His jorney, and a recompence for fatheres death to make.

Idum. Sith gods have wild the fame to be, good lucke the
gods him fend.

Com on, my Councell; now from hence we purpofe for to
wend.

[*Go out.*]

[*Enter EGISTUS and CLYTEMNESTRA, singinge
this songe, to the tune of king Salomon.*

Egis. And was it not a worthy fight,
Of Venus childe, kinge Priames sonne,
To steale from Grece a ladye bryght,
For whom the wares of Troye begon.
Naught fearinge daunger that might faull,
Lady ladie!

From Grece to Troye he went with all,
My deare lady.

Clytem. When Paris firste arived there,
Where as dame Venus worshyp is,
And bloustringe fame abroad dyd beare
His lyveley fame, she dyd not mys
To Helena for to repayre,
Her for to tell

Of prayse and shape so trym and fayre,
That dyd excell.

Egis. Her beautie caused Paris payne,
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde:
No thinge was abell to restraine,
His wyl some waye fourth for to finde,
Where by he might have his despyare,
Lady ladye!

So great in him was Cupids fyare,
My deare ladye.

Clytem. And eke as Paris dyd desyear
Fayre Helena for to possesse;
Her hart inflamid with lyke fyare,
Of Paris love despiard no lesse;
And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron :

When each of them the other dyd grete,
The feast uppon.

Egis. If that in Paris Cupides shafte,
O Clytemnestra! toke fuch place,
That tyme ne waye he never left,
Tyll he had gotte her comley grace,
I thinke my chaunce not ill to be,
Ladye ladye!

That ventryd lyfe to purchafe ye,
My dere ladye.

Clytem. Kyng Priames sonne loved not so fore
The Gretian dame, they brothers wyfe :
But she his person esteemed more,
Not for his sake favinge her lyfe ;
Which caused her people to be slayne,
With him to flye ;
And he requight her love a gayne,
Most faythfullye.

Egys. And as he recompence agayne
The fayre quene Hellyn for the fame,
So whyle I lyve I wyll take payne
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame.
Syth that you have voutsafe to be,
Ladye ladye!

A Queene and ladye unto me,
My deare ladye.

Clytem. And as she lovyd him best, whyle lyfe
Dyd last, so tend I you to do,
Yf that devoyd of warr and stryfe,
The Godes shall please to graunt us to.

Syeth you voutsafest me for to take,
O my good knyght!
And me thy ladye for to make,
My hartes delyghte.

Egis. As joyfull as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde,
So is my hart replete with joye, much more a thousand
fould,

Oh Lady deare, in that I do posses my hartes delyghte.—
What menes this found? for very much it doth my hart
aflight. *[Let the trumpet blowe with in.*

Clytem. Feare nought at all, Egistus myne; no hourt it
doth pretend:

But lo! me thinkes a messenger to us heather doth wend.

[Enter.

Messenger. The Gods presarve your eaquall state, and
send you of their blys!

Clytem. Welcom, good messenger: what newese, I pray
the, with the is?

Mes. Yft please your grace, even now there is aryved in
this land

The mightey knight Horestes, with a mightey pewfaunt
band,

Who purposith for to invade this Mycæne Citie stronge;
And as he goese he leyse both tower and castell all alonge:
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,
By fodyeres rage he straight is slayne in mydest of the felde.

[Go out.

Clytem. Ah, fyr! is he come in dede? he is wellcom, by
this daye.

Egistus, now, in fouth, with spede from hence take you
your way

In to our realme, and take up men our tyghtull to defend.
 Tyll your retourne, this citie I to kepe do fure intend :
 For all his strength, he shall not get to entter once hear in.
 The walles be strong; and for his forse I fure set not a pyn.

Egis. Syth you be abell to defend this citie, as you faye,
 Farwell! in fouth, to get me men, I now wyll take my waye.
 And fone againe I wyll returne his pamprid pryde to tame.

Clytem. Farwell, Egistus! and, in fouth, I strayght will
 do the same. *Go out.*

*[Enter a woman, lyke a beger, ronning before
 they sodier; but let the sodier speke first, but
 let the woman crye first pitifulley.]*

Sodyer. Yeld the, I faye; and that by and by,
 Or with this sword, in fayth, thou shalt dye.

Woman. Oh! with a good wyll, I yeld me to the.
 Good master sodier, have mercye on me!
 My husband thou hast slayne in most cruell wyfe,
 Yet this my prayer do now not despyse.

Sodier. Come on, then, in hast; my prysoner thou art:
 Come, followe me, I faye; we must nedes depart.

*[Go a fore her, and let her fal downe upon
 the [sodier], and al to be beate him.]*

Woman. A horson slave! I wyll teach the, in faye,
 To handle a woman on an other waye.
 To put me in feare with out my dezarte?
 I wyll teache the, in faye, to playe such a parte.

Sodyer. Be contentyd, good woman, and thou shalt be
 Neaver heare after molysted for me.

Woman. Naye, vyllyn slave! a mendes thou shalt make.
 In that thou be fore me as pryfiner dydest take,
 Nowe I have cought the, and my prysoner thou art.
 By his oundes, horson slave! this gose to they harte.

Sodyer. Naye, fave my lyfe, for I wyll be
Thy pryfoner : and, lo, I yelde me to the.

Woman. Come, wend thou with me, and they wepon
thou fhalt have,

[*Take his weapons, & let him ryfe up, & then go out both.*
Syth that thou voutsafyfte my lyfe for to fave.

[*Enter the VYCE, fynge this fong, to the tune of the Paynter.*

Vyce. Stand backe, ye flepinge jackes at home,
And let me go.

You lye, fyr knave ! am I a mome ?

Why faye you fo ?

Tout, tout ! you dare not come in felde,
For feare you fhoulde the gofte up yelde.

With blofe, he gofe, the gunne fhot flye,

It feares, it feares, and thear doth lye.

A houndreth in a moment be,

Diffstroyed quight :

Syr faufe, in fayth, yf you fhould fe,

The gonne fhott lyght,

To quake for feare you would not ftynte,

When as by forfe of gounshotes dynte,

The rankes in raye are tooke awaye,

As pleafeth fortune oft to playe.

But in this ftower who beares the fame ?

But onley I :

Revenge, Revenge, wyll have the name,

Or he wyll dye.

I fpare no wight, I feare none yll,

But with this blade I wyll them kyll :

For when myne eayre is fet on fpare,

I rap them, I fnap them ; that is my defyare.

Farwell! a dew, to wares I muste
In all the haft.

My cosen cutpurffe wyll, I truste,
Your purffe well tast.

But to it, man, and feare for nought :

Me saye to the it is well fraught

Wyth ruddockes red : be at a becke;

Beware the arse, breake not thy necke. [Go out.

[HORESTES *entrith with his bande, & marcheth
about the stage.*

Horestes. Come on, my fodyers, for at home aryved their
we be,

Where as we must have our desyare, or els dye manfulley.

The walles be hye, yet I intend uppon them first to go ;

And, as I hope, you fodierrs will your captayne eke follow.

Yf I for fake to go before, then fley you eke be hynde,

And as I am, so eke I trust my fodyers for to finde.

Com hether, Harauld: go proclame this mine intent straight-
way :

To yonder cittie say that I am come to their decaye.

Unlesse they yeld I will destroye both man, woman & childe;

And eke their towers, that for the war so strongly they do
bylde.

Byd them in haft to yeld to me, for nough[t] I do a byde,

But for their aunswear, or elles fourthwith for them and
theres provid.

[*Let the trumpet go towarde the Citie and blowe.*

Harraulde. Your gracious minde straight shalbe don.

Cum, trompet, let us go.

That I have don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal
kno.

Hor. Flye the apase, and let me have agayne an aunfweare
fone ;

And then a non thou shalt well se what quickly shalbe
done.

Harr. How! whow is their that kepes the gate? geve eare
my words unto!

[*Let the trumpet leave soundyng, & let HARRAULD
speake, & CLITEMNESTRA speake over the wal.*]

Clytem. What wouldst thou have, Harald? declare what
haft thou her to do ?

Har. My master bydes the yeld to him this citie out of
hande,

Or elles he will not leave on stone on other for to stand :
And all things elles within this towne he wil have at his wil,
As pleaseth him by any meanes to fave or elles to fpyll.
What you will now, therfore declare, & aunfwere to him send.

Clytem. This citie here against him and his I wyll defende.

Harr. Then, in his name, I do defye both the and all
with in.

Clytem. By him and his, tell him in fouth, we do not
fet a pyn.

Harr. Yf it please your grace, this word she fends: she
wil not yeld to ye,

But yf you com, unto your harme she faves that it shalbe.

[*Let the Haraulde go out here.*]

Hor. Sith that my grace, and eke good will, they on
such fort dispise,

For to destroye both man and chyld I surely do devyse.
Come on, my men! bend now your forse this citie for to wyn :
Save no mans lyfe that on[c]e should make ryfistaunce there
within ;

And when you shall posses the towne, and have all things
at wil,

Loke out my mother, but to her do ye no kynde of yll:
Let her not die, though that she would defiar the death
to have,

For other wyfe my fathers death revengment doth crave.

Sodyer. We shall your hestes obaye with spede. Oh cap-
tayne! we defiar

That we were there, for to revenge, our hartes are fet
on fyar.

Vyce. Lyke men, by God I sweare, wellfayd! Horestes,
let us gow:

Nowe to thy men lyke manly hart I praye the for to
showe:

And, as thou seiste, be firste the man that shall the citie wyn.
How, how! now for to flye all ready they begynne.

Hor. With lyvely hartes, my troumpeters, exault your
tubal found;

And now, my fodyers, in your harts let courage eke be
found.

Com, let us go: the godes for us shall make an eassey waye:
Spare none a lyve, for I am bent to feke their great decaye.

*[Go and make your lively battel, and let it be longe eare
you can win the citie; and when you have won it, let
HORESTES bringe out his mother by the armes, and
let the droum sease playing, and the trumpet also:
when she is taken, let her knele downe and speake.*

Clytem. A lack, what heaps of myschefes great me, felly
wight, torment!

Now is the tyme salune me upon, which I thought to
prevent.

Yet best I feke my lyfe to save, perhappes he will me here.
A lacke! revengment he dothe crave for flaying his father
dere.

Yf aney sparke of mothers bloud remaynd within thy breste,
Oh, gracious child! let now thine eares unto my words
be preft.

Pardon I crave, Horestes myne; save now my corpes from
death;

Let no man saye that thou wast cause I yeldyd up my
breath:

I have offendyd, I do confesse, yet save my lyfe, I praye,
And to they mother this request, o knight! do not denaye,

Hor. For to repent this facte of thine, now that it is
to late,

Can not be thought a recompence for kylling of thy mate.
Go; have her hence therfore with spede, and se her sureley
kepte,

And for the fact a fore thou dydest, thou surley shouldst
have wept. *[Go out with on of the sodiares.*

Vyce. Nay, far you well; in fayth, you have an aunswer;
get you hence.

Oundes of me, I would not be in her cote for forty pence.
Nay, nay, a way, far well, a dew; now, now it is to late,
When stede is stollen for you, in south, to shut the stable gate.
She should have wept when first she went the king about
to slay:

It makes no matter; she fould well dyd brede her owne
decaye. *[Let HORESTES syth hard.*

Ounds of me, what meane you, man? begyn you now
to faynt?

Jesu god! how styll he fittes; I thinke he be a faynt.

O oo w! you care not me; nay, sone I have don, I warrant ye.

[*Wepe, but let HORESTES ryse and bid him pease.*

Hor. By all the godes, my hart dyd fayle my mother for to fe

From hye estate for to be brought to so great myferey,
That all most I had graunted lyfe to her had not this be
My fathers death, whose death in fouth, chefe causer of
was she.

Vyce. Even as you faye. But harke! at hand Egistus draweth nye,

Who purpofeth the chaunce of war, Horestes, for to trye.

[*Let EGISTUS enter, & set hys men in a raye; & let the drom playe tyll HORESTES speaketh.*

Hor. And by the godes, I purpose eke my honour to defend.

Com on, my men! kepe your araye, for now we do pretend
Eather to be the conquerer, or elles to dye in felde:

Lyft up your hartes, and let us se how ye your blofe can yeld.

Egistus. Lyke manley men adresse your selves to get
immortall fame:

Yf ye do flye, lo, what doth rest behynde but foull defame?
Strike up your drums, let trumpets found, your baners eke
display!

And I my felfe, as captayne, to you wyll lead the waye.

Hor. Thou traytor to my father dere, what makest the
here in feld?

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld.

Egis. Thou pryncoks boy, and bastard slave! thinks thou
me to subdew?

It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou boye, I tell the trew.

But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode the byrdes to fede.
Stryke up your droums and forward now! To wars let us
profede.

*[Stryke up your drum, & fyght a good whil, & then
let sum of EGISTUS men flye, & then take hym,
& let HORESTES drau him violentlye, and let
the drums seafe.]*

Hor. O vyllayne trayghtor! now the gods ne mortall
man shall fave

Thy corps from death, for blud for blud my fathers deth
doth crave.

O tyraunt fyrse! couldest thou voutsafe my father fo
to flaye?

But now no forse, for thou hast wrought at last thine one
decaye.

Egis. Alacke, a lacke! yet spare my lyfe, Horestes, I
the praye.

Hor. Thy lyfe? naye, trayghtor vyle, that chefe I do
denaye.

For as thou hast deservyd fo I shall thy faete requit,
That once couldst seme to me and mine for to work such
dispyght.

Therefore com forth, and for thy faete receave dew pun-
nishment:

• Repent, I say, thy former lyfe, for this is my judgment:
That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chefe to be
The causer of, thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death
may se;

And as thou for my fathers death dew punnishment receive,
So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gave the leave
Him for to flaye, and eke to it with good will condysfende.

Therefore com of, and fone dyspatch, that we had made
an end.

Egis. Ah, heavy fate and chaunce most yll, wo worth this
hap of mine!

For give my faute, you sacryd godes, and to my wordes
incline

Your gracious eare; for caufer furst I was, this is most plaine,
Of Agamemnons death, wherefore I must receave this paine.
Pardon, I crave; voutsafe, ye godes, the same to graunt it me!
Now, sodier, worke thy will in hast, I praye the harteley.

*[Fling him of the lader, and then let on bringe in
his mother CLYTEMNESTRA, but let her loke
wher EGISTUS hangeth.]*

Clytem. Ah, heavey fate! would God I had in tormoyle
great byn flayne,
Syth nothing can Horestes hands from sheding bloud
* refraine.

Vyce. How chaunce you dyd not then lament his father
whom you flew?
But now, when death doth you prevent, to late ites for
to rew.

Clytem. Yet hope I that he will me graunt my lyfe that
I should have.

Vyce. Even as much as thou voutsafest his fathers lyfe
to save.
Therefore come of: we must not stay all daye to wayght
on the.

Lo! myghtye prince, for whom ye sent, lo, preasent here
is she.

Clytem. Have mercy, sonne, and quight remitte this faute
of mine, I pray:
Be mercyfull, Horestes myne, and do not me denaye.

Consider that in me thou hadest thy hewmayne shape
composid :

That thou shouldst slay thy mother, son, let it not be
disclofyd.

Spare to perfe her harte with sword; call eke unto thy mynd
Edyppus fate, and as Nero showe not thy selfe unkynde.

[*Take downe EGISTUS, and bear him out.*

Hor. Lyke as a braunche once fet a fyare doth cause the
tree to bourne,

As Socrates supposeth, so a wicked wight doth tourne
Those that be good, and cause them eke his evell to sequest.
Wherefore the poete Juvenal doth thinke it for the beste,
That those that lyve lycentiousley should brydlyd be with
payne ;

And so others, that elles would fyn, therby they might
restrain :

For thus he sayeth, that cities are well governed in dede
Where punnishment for wycked ones by lawe is so decrede;
And not decrede, but exerfyed, in punnyshinge of those
Which law ne pain from waloing still in vice their mind
dispose.

And as thou hast byn chiefes[t] cause of yelding up they
breath,

So call to minde thou wast the cause of Agamemnons death:
For which, as death is recompence, of death so eke with the,
For kyllinge of my father, thou now kyllled eke shault be.
This thinge to se accomplyshyd, Revenge with the shall go.
Now have her hence, sieth that you all my judgment here
do kno.

Clytem. A lacke, a lack! with drawe thy hand, my son,
from sheding bloud.

Vyce. Thou art a foule thus for to prate; this doth
Horestes good :

Com on a way ! thou doubt no more but him with words
molest.

A foullyshe foull ! that thou wart ded he takes it for the best.

Clytem. Yf ever aney pytie was of mother plante in the,
[*Knele downe.*

Let it apeare, Horestes myne, and shewe it unto me.

Hor. What pyttie thou on father myne dydest cursedley
bestowe,

The fame to the at this present I purpose for to shewe.

Therefore, Revenge, have her a way, and as I judgment gave,
To se that she in order lyke her punishment dew have.

Vyce. Let me alone. Com on away, that thou weart out
of fight !

A pestelaunce on the crabyd queane ! I thinke thou do
delyght

Him to molest : com of in hast, and troubell me no more.

Come on, com on ! ites all in vaine ; and get you on a fore.

[*Let CLYTEMNESTRA wepe and go out, REVENGE also.*

Hor. Now, syeth we have the conquest got of all our
mortall lose,

Let us provide that occasion we do not chaunce to lose.

Stryke up your droumes ! for enter now we wyll the citie
gate ;

For nowe refestaunce none there is to let us in there at.

[*Enter in FAME ; and let all the sodyers folow him in araye.*

Fame. As each man bendes him selfe, so I report his
fame in dede.

Yf yll, then yll, through iarne trump his fame doth straigh[t]
profede ;

Yf good, then good, through golden trump I blo his lyvely
fame :

Through heavens, throgh earth, & furging feafe I bere abroad
the fame.

Perhaps what wind me heather drives with in your minds
you muse ?

From Crete I com : to you, my frends, I bring this kind of
newfe ;

That Agamemnons brother is arivyd in this land,
And eke with him his ladey fayre, Quene Helen, understand ;
Whom for to fe a great frequent of people their aryve :
This newfe to shew at this present me heather now dyd drive.

[Enter the VYCE, singing this songe.

Vyce. A newe master, a newe !

No lenger I maye

A byde : by this daye,

Horestes now doth rew.

A new master, a new !

And was it not yll

His mother to kyll ?

I pray you, how saye you ?

A new master, a new !

Nowe ites to late

To shut the gate,

Horestes gines to rew !

Fame. Denique non parvas animo dati gloria vires :

Et fœcunda facit pectora laudis amor.

As Ovid sayeth, I am, in dede, the spure to each estate ;
For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate
Is fylthey lyfe: and eke I stoure the good more good to be.
So much the hart and will of man ys lynked unto me.

Vyce. A new master, a new ! naye, I wyll go.
 Tout, tout ! Horestes has be com a newe man.
 Now he forroweth : to bad that it is fo.
 Yet I wyll dresse him, by his oundes, and I can.
 Who, *saintie amen !* God morrowe, myftres Nan !
 By his oundes, I am glad to fe the fo trycke :
 Nay, may I be so bould at your lyppes to have a lycke ?
 Jefus ! how coye do you make the fame.
 You neaver knew me afore, I dare faye.
 In fayth, in fayth, I was to blame
 That I made no courchey to you by the waye.
 Who, berladye, Nan ! thou art trym and gaye.
 Woundes of me ! she hath winges also.
 Who, whether, with a myschefe, douft thou thinke for
 to go ?

To heaven, or to hell ? to purgatorye, or Spayne ?
 To Venys ? to Pourtugall ? or to the eyles Canarey ?
 Nay, stay a whyle, for a myte or twayne
 I wyll go with the, I sweare by Saynt Marey.
 Wylt thou have a bote, Nan, over seay the to carey ?
 Now, yf it chaunce to rayne, as the weathers not harde,
 It may chaunce this trym geare of thine to be marde.

*Fame. Omnia si perdis, famam servare memento,
 Quæ semel amissa, postea nullus eris.*

Above eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what ever that
 thou lose ;

For fame once gone, they memory with fame a way it gofe :
 And it once lost thou shalt, in south, accomptyd lyke to be
 A drope of rayne that faulyth in the bosom of the fee.
 Me, Fame, therfore, as Ovid thinkes, no man hath powre to
 hold :

To those with whom I please to dwell I am more rich then
gold.

What caufid some for countris foyle them felves to perell
cast,

But that the[y] knew that after death the fame of thers
fhall laft.

Not on, but all, do me defiare, both good and bad lykewyfe;
As may apeare, yf we perpend, of Nerofe enterpryfe,
Which firft did caufe his mafters death, and eke wheras
he laye

In mothers wound to fe, in fouth, his mother dyd ftraight
flay.

With this Horeftes eke takes place, whose father being
flayn

Throgh mothers gile, from mothers blod his hands could
not refraine.

But lyke as he revengyd the death of father in his eyare,
So fathers brother, in lyke fort, Revenge hath fet on fyare.
For he is gon for to request the ayde of prynces great;
So fore his hart is fet on fyare, thought raging rigrous heat.
What to detarmyne all the kynges of Grece aryved be
At Neftores towne, that Athens highte, their judgment to
decre.

Vyce. Oundes, hart, and nayles! naye, now I am drest.
Is the kinge Menalaus at Athenes aryved,
And I am be hind? to be packinges the best,
Leaft the matter, in fouth, to fone be contryved.

Auxilia humilia firma, consensus facit: this alwayes provided
That consent maketh fuckers moft fure for to be.

Well, I wyll be their ftrayght wayfe you fhall fe.

Fame. As Publius doth well declare, we ought chefeft to fe

Unto our felves, that nought be don after extremite.

Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris. [Go out.

For loke, what mesure thou dost meate, the same againe
shalbe

At other tyme, at others hand, repayde againe to the.

Therefore, I wyshe eache wight to do to others as he would
That they, in lyke occasion, unto him offer should.

Wel, forth I must, som newse to here, for Fame no where
can stay ;

But what she hears throughout the world abroad she doth
display.

Provision. Make rouse and gyve place ! stand backe
there a fore !

For all my speakinge, you presse styll the more.

Gyve rome, I saye, quickeley, and make no dalyaunce :

It is not now tyme to make any taryaunce.

The kinges here do com : therefore, give way,

Or elles, by the godes ! I wyll make you, I saye.

Lo, where my Lord Kynge Nestor doth com !

And Horestes with him, Agamemnons sonne.

Menelaus, a kyng lykewyse of great fame.

Make rome, I saye ! before their with shame !

Nest. Now fyeth we be here, Kynge Menelaij,

Unto us, we praye you, your matter to saye :

For these prynces here, after they have perpendyd,

If ought be amys it shal be amendyd.

But, fyrre Provision, go in haste and fet

Good Kynge Idumeus : tell him we are fet.

Prov. As your graces have wylled, so tend I to do ;

I wyll fetch him strayght, and bringe him you to. [Go out.

[Pause awhile till he be gon out, and then speak trettably.

Hor. If ought be amys, the fame fone fhall be,
If I have commytted, amendyd of me :
But lo, Idumeus, the good kyng of Crete,
Is come to this place us for to mete.

[*Enter IDUMIUS, and PROVISION comming with his
cap in his hand afore him, and makeinge waye.*

Idumeus. The Gods prefarve your gracis all, and fend
you health for aye.

Nest. Well com, fier kinge, the fame to ye contynewalley
we pray.

Menal. Two things there is, o kings! that moves me thus
your ayds to pray :

And thefe be it, the which to you I purpofe for to faye.
The one is this, where with I fynde my felfe agrevid to be,
That on fuch fort my fyfters flayne, as all your gracis fe.
The other is, that fo her fonne, without all kind of right,
Should to his mother in fuch cafe (I fay) worke fuch
difpight.

Thefe two be they, wherfore I crave your ayds to joyn
with me,

To the intent of fuch great ylles revengyd I may be.
That thus he dyd, be hould the ftate of all my brothers land,
And fe, I pray you, in what place the fame doth prefent
ftand.

His crueltie is fuch, in fouth, as nether tower ne towne,
That letted once his paffage, but is brought unto the ground.
The fatherles he pyttied not where as he ever went,
The agyd wight whose yeres before their youthly poure
had fpend,

The mayd whose parentes at the fege, defending of their
right,

Was slaine, the same this tyrant hath opressyd throuh his
might ;

The wido that through forrayne wars was left now com-
fortles

He spared not, but them and theres he cruelly dyd dystres.
Wherfore sith that he thus hath wrought, as far as I can see,
From Myccene land we should provid him exylyd to be.

Hor. Syth that you have accusyd me, I must my aun-
fwere make ;

And here before these kings of Greece this for my aun-
fwer take.

O ounckel, that I never went revengment for to do
On fathers fose, tyll by the godes I was comaund there to :
Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but wyllingly obaye.
That I have slayne her wylfully untruely you do faye ;
I dyd but that I could not chuse: ites hard for me to kycke,
Syth gods commaund, as on would say, in fayth, against
the prick.

In that you say I sparyd none, your grace full well may se,
That lyttell mercy they suppposyd, in south, to shew to me.
When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld,
It is no jest when sodyares joyne to fight within a felde.
Thus I suppose sufficiently I aunswered have to end
Your great complaynt, the which you so mightely did defend.

Idum. In dede, as Hermes doth declare, no man can
once estew

The judgment of God most just, that for his fautes is dew :
And as God is most mercyfull, so is he just lyke wyse,
And wyll correcte most fuerley those that his heastes
dispyse.

Nest. As you, good Kyng Idumeus, have sayd, so lyke-
wife I

Do thinke it trew ; therefore as nowe I do him here defye
That one dare say that he hath wrought the thing that is
not right,

Lo, here my glove to him I give in pledge with him to fyght.
I promys here to prove there by Horestes nought dyd do
But that was just, and that the gods commaundyd him
there to :

That he is kinge of Mycœne land who ever do deney,
I offer here my glove with him therfore to lyve and dye.
Yf none there be wyll under take his tyghtull to with saye,
Let us be frendes unto him nowe, my lordes, I do ye praye.
It was the parte of such a knyght revengyd for to be :
Should Horestes content him selfe his father slayne to se ?
No, no; a ryghteous facte I thinke the same to be in dede,
Syeth that it was accomplysht so as godes before decrede.

Menel. In dede, I must confesse that I revengyd should
have be,

If that my father had byn slayne with such great cruelte.
But yet I would, for natures sake, have spard my mothers
lyfe.

O wretched man! o cruell beast! o mortall blade and
knyfe!

Idum. Sease of, fyr kyng; leave morning: lo, nought can
it you avayle ;

Not with standing, be rulyd now, we pray, by our counfaylle.
Consider first your one estate, consider what may be
A joyefull mene to end at leyngth this your calamytie.
Horestes he is younge of yeares, and you are somewhat olde,
And sorrowe may your grace to sone within her net infolde.
Therefore ites best you do forget ; so shall you be at ease,
And, I am sure, Horestes wyll indevor you to please,

So far as it for him may be with honor lefe to do.
He will not thry[n]ke but wyll consent your gravis bydding
to :

For affuraunce of your good wyll, Horestes here doth crave
Your daughter, fayre Hermione, in maryage to have.
Thereby for to contynew styll true love and amytie,
That ought, in fought, betwixte t[w]o fuch indefferent for
to be.

Menel. As for my frendshyp, he shall have, the godes his
helper be ;

But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.
She is but yong ,and much unfet fuch holy ryghtes to take :
Therefore, fyr kyngs, at this present no aunfwere I can make.

Nest. She is a dame of comeley grace ; therefore, kyng
Menelaye,

Graunt this to us this stryfe to end, o kyng, we do the praye.
For eache of them a grede be the other for to have :
Goodfyr, graunt this that at thy handes so justley we do crave.

Menal. O, nobell king, what that it were I could not
you denaye.

I must nedes graunt, when nought I have against you to
repley.

Horestes, here before these kinges my sonne I the do make.
Hor. And the, o kynge, whyle lyfe doth last, for father I
do take.

Nest. Ryght joyfull is this thinge to us, and happy for
your state.

Therefore with spede let us go hence the maryage to feley-
brate ;

And all the godes, I praye, prefarve and kepe you both
from wo.

Come on, fyr king, shall we from hence unto our pallace go ?

Menal. As it shall please your grace, in dede, so we consent to do.

Idum. And we lykewyse, oh gracious Prynce, do condifend there to. [Go out all.

[VYCE *entrith with a staffe and a bottell
or dyshe, and wallet.*

Revenge. I woulde I were ded, and layde in my grave!
Oundes of me, I am trymley promouted:
Ah, ah, oh! well now for my labor these trynketes I have.

Why, fe you not, I praye you, how I am flouted?
A bagge and a bottell; thus am I louted!
Eache knave, nowe a dayes, would make me his man.
But chyll master them, I, be his oundes, and I can.
A begginge, a begginge, nay now must I go.
Horestes is maryed; god send him much care:
And I, Revenge, am dryven him fro.
And thun ites no marvayll, though I be thus bare.
But peace! who better then beggars doth fare?
For all they be beggares, and have no great port,
Who is meryer then the pooryste fort?
What shall I begge! nay, thates to bad.
Is their neare a man that a farvaunt doth lacke?
Of myne honestye, gentle woman, I would be glad
You to farve but for clothes to put on my backe.
A waye with these rages! from me the[y] shall packe.

[Put of the beggares cote and all thy thinges.

What! thinke you sorne me your servaunt to make?
A nother wyll have me, yf you me forsake.
Parhappes you all mervayll of this fodayne mutation,
How sone I was downe from so hye degre:
To satisfye your myndes I wyl yuse a perfwation.

This one thinge you knowe, that on caulyd Amyte
Is unto me, Revenge, most contrarey;
And we twayne to geather could not abyde.
Whych caulyd me sone from hye state to flyde,
Horestes and his ounckell, Kynge Menalaus,
Is made such sure frendes, without peradventure,
Through the pollycye of olde Idumeus,
That, as far as I can fe, it is hard to enter;
Ye, and thates worffe, when I fought to venture,
I was dryven, out comfort, awaye from their gate:
I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate.
Yet befor I went, my fancye to please,
The maryage selebratyed, at the church I dyd fe.
Wyllinge I was them all to dysease,
But I durst not be so bold; for master Amyte
Sot by Menalaus, and bore him companye.
On the other fyde Dewtey with Horestes boure swaye;
So that I could not enter by no kynde of waye.
Well, fyeth from them both I am bannyshyd so,
I wyll seke a new master, yf I can him finde:
Yet am I in good comfort, for this well I knowe,
That the most parte of wemen to me be full kynde;
Yf they faye near a worde, yet I knowe their mynde.
Yf they have not all thinges when they do desiare,
They wyll be revengyd, or elles lye in the myare.
Nay, I knowe their quallytes, the lesse is my care,
As well as they do knowe Revengys operation.
Ye, faull to it, good wyves, and do them not spare:
Nay, Ille helpe you forward, yf you lacke but perswacion.
What man a moste is free from invasion?
For, as playnely Socrates declareth unto us,
Wemen for the most part are borne malitious.

Perhappes you wyll faye, maney on, that I lye ;
And other fume, I am fure, alfo wyll take my parte :
Not withftandinge what I have fayde, they wyll veryfye,
Ye, and do it, I wys, in fpyght of thy hart.
Yf, therefore, thou wylt lyve quyetye, after their defart,
Reward then, fo fhault thou brydell their affection,
And unto they wyll fhall have them in fubjection.
In Athenes dwellyd Socrates, the phyllofopher dyvine,
Who had a wyfe named Exantyp, both develyſhe and yll ;
Which twayne, beenge faulne out uppon a tyme,
Perhappe caufe Exantyp could not have her wyll,
He went out of dores, fyttinge there ftyll :
She cround him with a pyſpot, and their he
Was wet to the ſkynne, moſte pytifull to ſe.
I praye God that fuch dames be not in this place,
For then I might chaunce neare a miſtres to get.
Nay, yf ye anger them, they wyll laye you on the face,
Or elles their nayles in your chekes they wyll fet ;
Nay, lyke a raſor ſome of their nayles are whet,
That not for to pare, but to cut to the bone :
I count him moſt happed that medelles with none.
Well, far you well ! for I muſt be packinge :
Remember my wordes, and beare it in mynde.
What ! ſuffer the myll a whyle to be clackinge,
Yf that you intend aney eaſe for to fynde :
Then wyll they be to you both lovinge and kinde.
Farwell, coſen cutpurſſe ! and be ruled by me,
Or elles you may chaunce to end on a tre. [Go out.

[Enter HORESTES and HERMIONE, NOBILYTIE
and COMINYALTE, TRUTH & DEWTY.

Horeſtes. Syth the gods have geven us grace this realme
for to poſſes,

Which florysheth aboundauntlye with gold & great riches,
Let us now se how much the wilds and minde of all this
land,

Is unto us, and of their state lykewyse to understand.

Herm. I deme of them, Horestes myne, that they contentyd be

With humbell hart for to submyte, o kyng! them felves
to ye :

Wherefore, my love, inquiare their state this preasente tyme,
And of their hartes good wyll to us, o king! let them
devyne.

Hor. As I do love the ladye bright, so eke I thynke,
in dede,

That love for love as equallye shalbe rewarde of mede.

Herm. The godes never prolonge my lyfe that day I
shall a peare

To breake my fayth to the now plyght, my loving lord
so dere!

[*Let DEWTY & TRUTH take the crowne in their right hands.*

Hor. Come on, my lordes and commons eke, let me now
understand

Of all your mindes, for I desiare to know what case
this land

Doth now confyst; voutsafe the same therfore to shew to me,
And yf that ought be now amysse, amendyd it shalbe.

Nobelles. Most regall prynce, we now are voyd of mortall
wars vexation,

And through your grace we are joyned in love with every
nation ;

So that your nobelles may now lyve in pleasaunt state
fartaine,

Devoyd of wars and civill stryfes while that your grace
doth raine.

The which you may, I pray the God, with happy days
and blys,

And after death to send you there where joyse shall
never mys.

As fyne of our obedyence, lo, Dewty doth the crownd,

And Truth also, which doth me bynd they subiecte to be
found.

[*Let TRUTH and DEWTY crowne HORESTES.*

Hor. My Nobells all, I gyve you thankses for this now
showed to me,

And as you have, so eke will I the lyke show unto ye.

My Commons, how gofe it with you? your state now let
me know.

Commons. Where as such on as you do raine there nedes
must riches gro.

We are, o king! easyd of the yoke which we have so defiard:
The state of this our common welth nede not to be
inquiard.

Peace, welth, joye and felycitie, o kinge! it is we have,
And what thing is their the which subjects ought more to
crave.

Hor. Syeth all thinges is in so good state, my Commons,
as you faye,

That it may so continew styll the sacred godes I praye.

And as to me your trusteynes shall anye wayes be found,

So styll to mayntayne your estate I fureley shalbe bound.

And for your faythfull harts, the which you graunted have
to me,

Both you, my lords and commons eke, I thanke you
harte.

Therefore fith time wil have an end, and now my mind
you know,

Let us give place to tyme, and to our pallase go.

Nobelles. We both wil waight upon your grace, yft please
you to depart.

Commons. Eeven when you please to waigh[t] you on I
fhall with all my hart.

Truth. A kyngdome kept in amyte, and voyde of
diffention,

Ne devydyd in him felfe by aney kynde of waye,
Neather provoked by wordes of reprehention,
Must nedes long continew, as Truth doth faye,
For defention and ftryfe is the path to decaye;
And continuinge therein must of nefecitie
Be quight ruinate, and brought unto myferye.

Dewtey. Where I, Dewtey, am neglected of aney estate,
Their ftryfe and dyffention my place do fupplie:
Cankred mallyfe, pryde, and debate,
Therefore to rest all meanes do trye.
Then ruin comes after of their ftate, whereby
They are utterly extynguyfhed, levinge nought behynde
Whereof fo much as their name we maye fynde.

Truth. He that leadeth his lyfe as his phanfey doth lyke,
Though for a whyle the fame he maye hyde,
Yet Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wyll it feke,
And fo in a tyme it wyll be difcryde;
Yet in fuch tyme as it can not be denyed,
But receave dew punnifhment, as God fhall fe,
For the faute commytted, moft convenient to be.

As this storye here hath made open unto ye,
Which yf it have byn marked much prophet may aryse.
For, as Truth sayth, nothings wryten be
But for our learninge, in anye kynde of wyfe.
By which we may learne the yll to dispyse,
And the truth to imitate ; thus Truth doth faye :
The which for to do I be fech God we maye.

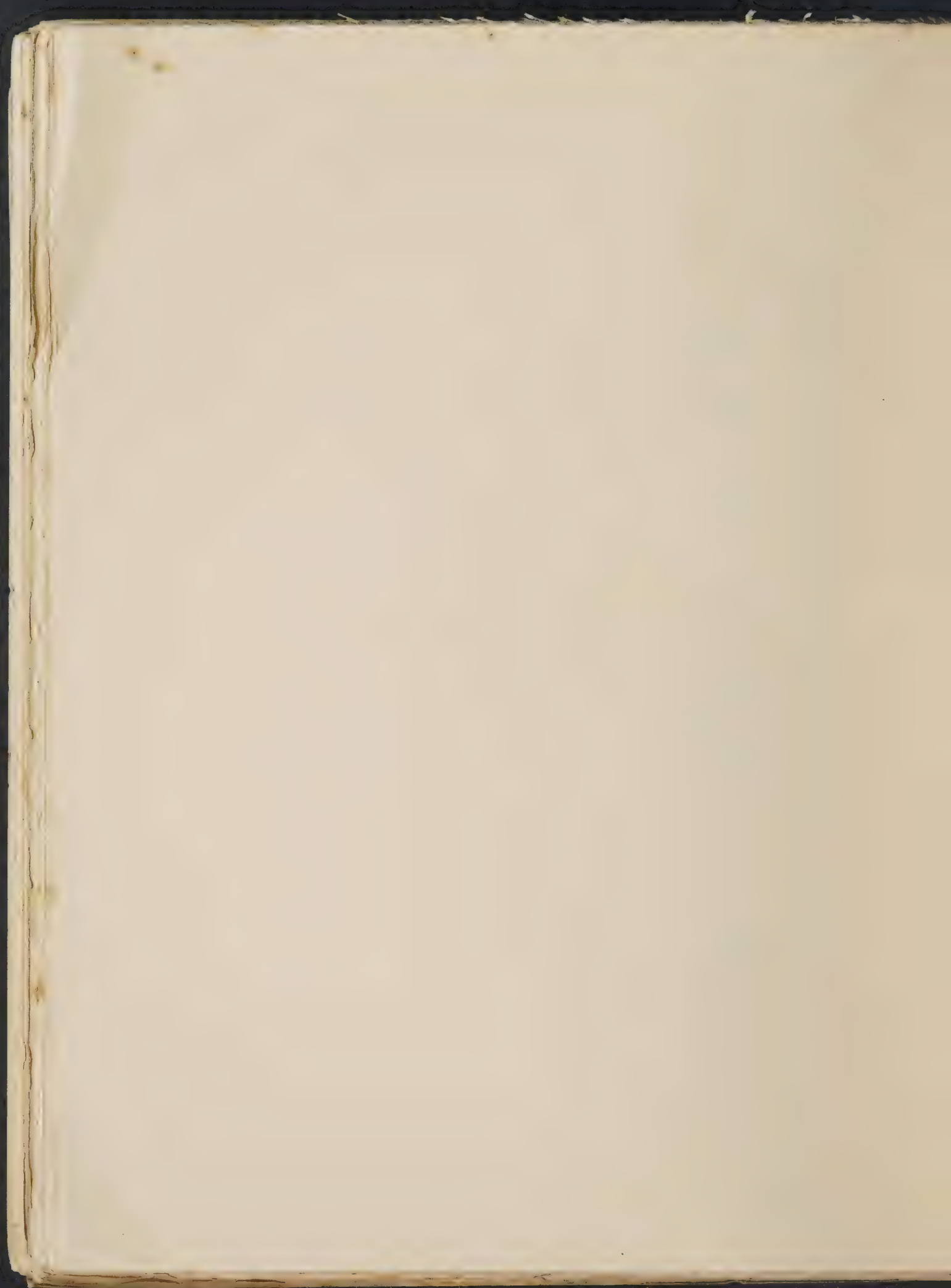
Dewtey. For your gentle pacience we geve you thanks
hartely.

And therefore, our dewtey wayed, let us all praye
For Elyzabeth our Quene, whose gracious majestie
May rayne over us in helth for aye :
Lykwyse for her Councell, that each of them maye
Have the spyryte of grace their doinges to dyrecte,
In settinge up vertue, and vyce to correcte.

Truth. For all the nobyltye and spiritualtie let us praye ;
For judges and head officers, what ever they be :
According to our boundaunt dewties, espetially I faye
For my Lord Mayre, lyfetennaunt of this noble Cytie ;
And for all his brytherne, with the comminualtie,
That eache of them, doinge their dewties a ryght,
May after death posses heaven to their hartes delyght.

FINIS. qd J. P.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestrete, at the signe of the
Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be sold at
his shoppe in Saynte Dunstones Church
yarde. Anno Domini. 1567.



7658

BLUE

PR

2739

.P4

N49

1865

c.1

4117213

